Cat. He will doe all in all as Hastings doth.
Buc. Well, then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings* how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him, and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, Icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employed.
Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mistris *Shore*, one gentle kisse the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heede I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place, there shall you finde vs both.
Buck. Now my Lord, what shall we do, if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will do,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Hertford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buck. Ile claime that promise at your Graces hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yeelded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
We may digest our complots in some forme. *Exeunt.*

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the coore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter L. Hast.*
Hast. Whats a clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy maister sleepe the tedious nights?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word,
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that may be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other,
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speede post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Good fellow go, returne vnto thy Lord:
Bid him not feare the separated councels:
His Honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instancie.
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond,
To trust the mockerie of vnquiet slumbers,
To flye the Boare before the Boare pursue vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuite where he did meane no chase.
Go, bid thy maister rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vse vs kindly.
Mes. My gracious Lord, Ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to L. Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrowes to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,
What newes, what newes, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeede my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. Who? weare the Garland? doest thou meane the Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine, cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplaste:
But canst thou gesse that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to finde you forward

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22319) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.12.g.14) Octavo